crown said to cost \$100,000. Among the presents were those from ex-Presidents Taft and Roosevelt.

The rest of the tract is a shriek. What has the brewer's wife done, more than poorer women, to deserve a crown? gasps the writer. Answer: For one thing she has shown superior judgment to theirs by picking out a better "provider."

He quotes a prison warden to the effect that from 75 to 80 per cent enter the pen on account of the saloon. Not one per cent do! If these officeholders would judge their inmates with minds open to sociological truths instead of with an eye to their own political standing, they would find that defective parentage, bad rearing and miserable home environment are the factors which forced their delinquents behind prison bars, Not only has the saloon never put a person in the pen, but it has never sent one to the insane asylum, as the writer asserts. The above factors, plus domestic, affectional and financial troubles, sent them there. Truly many will miss the saloon should it be abolished; it is the ever handy scapegoat.

Alcoholics "responsible for nearly all of poverty," wails the writer. Nonsense! Turkey, the only anti-liquor land in Europe, has been alcohol-free for over a millennium and is the most poverty-stricken, ignorant and degenerate nation in the world.

The tenor of the whole scurrilous screed is to show that the brewer and distiller are at fault for the crime and vice of the country, instead of criminals and vicious themselves. Simple decency should prompt the perception that Brewer Busch is no more to blame for the misery entailed by the excessive intake of alcoholic drinks than is any wholesale grocer in this town for the hell of dyspepsia entailed by the injudicious or excessive consumption of his groceries.

However, his palsied reason and atrophied

sense of justice will not allow the prohibitionist to see that the dyspeptic and debauchee are to blame, and not the vendors of the misused wares.

—Ran Childs

TO A WEST INDIAN ALLIGATOR

(Estimated age 1957 years.)

Greetings, my brother, strange and uncouth beast, Flat-bellied, wrinkled, broad of nose!
You are not beautiful—and yet at least Contentment spreads your scaly toes.

The keeper thwacks you and you grunt at me, Two hundred pounds of sleepy spleen. He tells me that your cranial cavity Will just contain a lima bean.

How seems it, brother, you who are so old, To lie and squint with curtained eye At these ephemera, born in the cold— These human things, so soon to die?

You were scarce grown, a paltry eight years, Too young to think of breeding yet, When Christ the Nazarene loosed the salt tears Which on man's cheeks today are wet.

Mohammed rose and died—you churned the mud And watched your female laying eggs. Columbus passed you—with an oozy thud You scrambled sunward on your legs.

So now you doze at ease for all to view And but a sleepy lid at me. You eat a little every year or two And count time in eternity.

And, brother, which is wiser of us twain When words are said and meals are past? I think, and pass—you sleep, yet you remain, And where shall be the end at last?

-From "The Little Review."

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